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MAD CAVE 10 YEAR ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION

DICK TRACY®

#6

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Digital Version.

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TONY VINCENTE IS A SIMPLE GUY. HE GOES TO WORK, COMES HOME, WAKES UP AND DOES IT AGAIN.

NO STRESS, NO DRAMA. TONY LIKES TO FLY UNDER THE RADAR.

BUT TONY NOTICES THINGS--HE STAYS ALERT. YOU GOT TO, IN THIS TOWN. HELL, JUST A FEW WEEKS BACK, GUNSHOTS WERE FLYING EVERYWHERE. HIS BOOKIE TOLD HIM THE WHOLE SCENE WAS GETTING TURNED UPSIDE DOWN.

TONY DOESN'T CARE ABOUT THAT. HE JUST WANTS TO DO HIS JOB, GET PAID AND PLACE A FEW BETS BETWEEN DATES WITH MONA.

BUT, HEY, TONY NOTICES THINGS. LIKE HIS NEIGHBOR'S PLACE. **GARY HILLIKER** LOOKS LIKE A COLLEGE PROF, BUT TONY KNOWS HIS DEAL.

KNOWS HE PLAYS DOCTOR FOR THUGS AND CRIMINALS. MESSING AROUND WITH THEM IS WHAT COST HIM HIS MEDICAL LICENSE.

AND TONIGHT, TONY NOTICES THAT GARY'S FRONT DOOR IS OPEN.

KICKED OPEN.

TONY DOESN'T WANT TO GET CLOSER. HE KNOWS BETTER. GARY'S IN THE BIZ. WHATEVER HAPPENED, GARY HAD IT COMING.

BUT GARY'S ALSO A NICE GUY. LENT TONY SOME CASH A WHILE BACK. ALWAYS QUICK WITH A LAUGH.

STILL, TONY KNOWS BEFORE HE STEPS ANY CLOSER... WHERE GARY IS NOW.

AND TONY'S ABOUT TO FIND OUT SOMETHING WORSE. SOMETHING DARKER.

TONY'S ABOUT TO FIND OUT...

...HOW HE GOT THERE.

G-G-G-GAAARRYY...NO, NO...OH, NOOOOOO!

TO ALL WHO EVEN DABBLE ON THE WRONG SIDE... A **PRICE** MUST BE PAID....

...AND THE **BLANK** WILL COLLECT ON ALL ACCOUNTS.

AIIIIEEEEEEEEEEEEE

LATER THAT NIGHT--
CLUB RITZ.

PLAY

MY MAN DON'T LOVE ME...TREATS ME, OH SO MEAN...

SOME THINGS LAST FOREVER. EVEN NOW, WITH LIPS MANLIS ON THE RUN, DODGING BIG BOY CAPRICE'S MEN SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE, CLUB RITZ STILL STANDS.

MY MAN--HE DON'T LOVE ME... TREATS ME AWFUL MEAN...

A SIGN THAT, EVEN IN THE WAKE OF WAR, PEOPLE WANT TO HAVE A GOOD TIME.

HE'S THE LOWEST MAN...

AND THE RITZ--AND ITS STAR ATTRACTION, **BREATHLESS MAHONEY**--ARE READY AND WILLING TO DELIVER.

...I'VE EVER SEEN...

KRRSSSHH

AS LONG AS PEOPLE LET THEM.

HE WEARS HIGH-DRAPED PANTS...STRIPES ARE REALLY YELLOW...

WHERE IS HE?

WHERE IS FANGS FOREMAN?

OVER THERE!

OOOOH... HE WEARS HIGH-DRAPED PANTS...STRIPES ARE REALLY YELLOW....

...BUT WHEN HE STARTS IN TO LOVE ME...

...HE'S SO FINE AND MELLOW...

C'MON, TRACY, SAVE THAT FOR LATER.

WHAT--YEAH, YES, PAT.

YOU! WE FINALLY CAUGHT UP WITH YOU, FANGS!

DICK TRACY, I WONDERED WHEN OUR PATHS WOULD CROSS.

WHAT BRINGS YOU TO MY CLUB? AND CAN I OFFER YOU A DRINK?

FANGS-- WE NEED TO TALK. IT'S IMPORTANT.

FANGS FOREMAN IS A BIG ONE.

HE SNAGGED LIPS'S TURF, HIS CLUB AND MOST OF HIS RACKETS.

AHAHAHAHAHAHAHA...

...YOU WANNA *TALK?*

DICK TRACY UNDERSTANDS HOW THE UNDERWORLD WORKS. BUT HE DOESN'T HAVE TO LIKE IT.

RIGHT NOW, HE NEEDS ANSWERS. AND HE NEEDS FANGS FOREMAN TO START SHARING THEM.

THIS HOW YOU MAKE PLEASANT CONVERSATION, TRACY? BY...BREAKING INTO MY CLUB?

HEY, BACK OFF, YOU--

PLEASE MOVE OUT OF THE WAY, LIZZ.

MR. FOREMAN IS RIGHT. WE'RE IN *HIS* CLUB. SO, LET'S TREAT HIM WITH THE RESPECT HE *DESERVES.*

WHAT'S THE WORD ON THESE MURDERS, FANGS? COUPLE OF YOUR GUYS GOT HIT GOOD. THAT OFF-THE-BOOKS DOC, HILLIKER, WAS SPIKED EARLIER TONIGHT.

HARD TO FEEL SAFE AS A MEMBER OF THE FANGS CREW THESE DAYS, *HUH?*

I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU MEAN.

AND I'M STARTING TO FEEL LIKE YOU'RE ABUSING MY *HOSPITALITY.*

YOU GOT A LOT OF NERVE, YOU LOW-LIFE PIECE OF--

PAT--STOP... WHAT ARE YOU *DOING?!*

THWACK

PAT!

GGGGGHHHHHHH!

THE HELL HAS GOTTEN INTO YOU?

Y'THINK YOU CAN JUST HOLD COURT HERE, LIKE SOME DUKE? YOU CAN'T GET AWAY WITH ANY OF IT--NOT ON ***MY WATCH!***

SEEMS TO ME, MR. TRACY...

...YOU NEED TO GET YOUR MAN IN ***CHECK*** BEFORE YOU COME IN HERE AGAIN.

I'LL BE BACK, FANGS... AND WE'LL HAVE WORDS.

YOU CAN BANK ON IT.

DICK TRACY IS A STOIC MAN. BUT HE UNDERSTANDS ANGER. HE UNDERSTANDS RAGE.

*HE UNDERSTANDS THE **PASSION** THAT COMES WITH THE JOB.*

CAN *I* BANK ON IT, DICK?

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, IN A QUIETER, LESS **ACTIVE** PART OF TOWN.

...THAT LAVIR GUY THOUGHT HE COULD **SCOOP** ME ON A STORY. CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT?

WELL, CAN YOU?

TRACY?

UH, OH, YES. TESS, I'M SORRY-- I'M JUST...

EXTREMELY DISTRACTED. LISTEN, YOU INVITED **ME** FOR THIS MEAL. I'M NOT REALLY EVEN SURE IT'S A DATE--

A DATE? OH, WELL, I'D LIKE IT--

I'D LIKE FOR IT TO BE ONE, TOO, TRACY. BUT THAT'S A TWO-WAY STREET, DON'T YOU THINK?

AND FROM WHAT I CAN TELL, YOUR MIND IS ELSEWHERE. LIKE A FEW BLOCKS UPTOWN ELSEWHERE.

I'M--I'M SORRY. IS IT THAT OBVIOUS?

CRYSTAL CLEAR. THIS ABOUT THE FANGS SITUATION?

HEARD YOU BOYS WENT TOO HARD ON HIM. HIS LAWYER'S RAISING ALL KINDS OF HELL IN THE PRESS. SAID IT MIGHT EVEN BE TIED INTO THE KILL--

YOU KNOW I CAN'T TALK ABOUT THAT.

I'M NOT ON THE CLOCK, TRACY, AND IF I WAS A MORE SENSITIVE GIRL, I'D BE ***OFFENDED*** RIGHT ABOUT NOW.

WE BOTH KNOW SOMETHING BAD IS SEEPING INTO THIS TOWN, WEAVING THROUGH THE CRACKS OF THE WRECKAGE BIG BOY WROUGHT.

THIS **'BLANK'** KILLER IS BAD NEWS.

WE CAN BOTH PRETEND EVERYTHING IS HUNKY-DORY, JUST TWO TWIRLY-EYED KIDS ON A DATE...OR WE CAN TALK LIKE TWO ADULTS WHO HAPPEN TO BE ON DIFFERENT TRACKS TOWARD THE TRUTH.

WHAT'LL IT BE, HANDSOME?

TESS, I--

MISTER TRACY? MY APOLOGIES FOR INTERRUPTING--

IS IT THE STATION?

YEESH, YOU SOUND ALMOST EXCITED.

IT'S NOT THAT, TESS...YOU'RE RIGHT. I *AM* ON EDGE. THESE MURDERS--

IT'S FOR **BOTH** OF YOU. TWO CALLS, ODDLY ENOUGH. THE PAPER IS SUMMONING MISS TRUEHEART AND--

SAY NO MORE, PAL. WE WERE ON OUR WAY OUT, ANYWAY...

"...JUST TWO STARS SHOOTING ACROSS THE SKY."

"NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET."

POLICE STATION

rrriiinnggg

CENTRAL STATION. GROVE SPEAKING.

THE KILLINGS...? *WHAT?* WHO'S SPEAKING?

NO, THAT'S NOT POSSIBLE. STAY THERE, OKAY? I'M COMING RIGHT NOW. DON'T MOVE. *NO*-- WAIT...

IT'S ME, AND I DON'T HAVE MUCH TIME. LET'S GET THE BUSINESS OUT OF THE WAY FIRST.

IS THAT FIVE BUCKS YOU OFFERED STILL GOOD OR WHAT?

I *ALWAYS* MAKE GOOD ON MY DEALS, DENBROUGH...ASSUMING YOU'VE GOT THE GOODS.

SO, DO YOU?

NOT SURE. A COP HERE, OFFICER GROVE...

...SHE GOT A CALL, BUT I DON'T KNOW WHO FROM. WHOEVER IT WAS, WHATEVER THEY TOLD HER, IT MADE HER LEAVE IN A HURRY. ALL I KNOW IS SHE'S HEADING SOMEWHERE ON THE LOWER SOUTH SIDE.

SHE'S BEEN HOT ON THE TRAIL OF THIS...THIS SPREE KILLER, SO--

TRUEHEART, YOU THERE? HELLO?

...FROM WHAT I UNDERSTAND, A COUPLE OF GREEN PATROL OFFICERS RESPONDED TO THE CALL AND HAD THE BODY BROUGHT HERE TO ME.

I'M ASSUMING THAT'S WHY THE TWO OF YOU WEREN'T CALLED TO THE SCENE ITSELF.

THAT SAID, I TOOK ONE LOOK AT THIS CORPSE AND THOUGHT TO MYSELF, "YEAH, DICK AND PAT ARE GONNA WANT TO SEE THIS ONE..."

SO, GENTLEMEN, WITHOUT FURTHER ADO...

...I BRING YOU TONY TOM, OTHERWISE KNOWN AS ***INKY.*** DIDN'T TAKE MUCH TO GET A POSITIVE ID ON THIS ONE.

ANOTHER ONE OF LIPS'S GUYS.

WELL... ONE OF HIS ***FORMER*** GUYS. I THINK IT'S SAFE TO ASSUME LIPS AIN'T COMING BACK ANYTIME SOON.

I AGREE. BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE...

...THEN THIS DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.

LET'S THINK ABOUT IT. LET'S LOOK AT ALL THE PIECES.

I DON'T NEED ***PIECES*** WHEN I'VE GOT ARROWS. ARROWS THAT ALL POINT TO FANGS.

SEE, THAT'S WHAT DOESN'T ADD UP.

IF YOU'RE FANGS, AND YOU'RE PICKING UP THE PIECES THAT LIPS LEFT BEHIND, WHY BREAK THOSE PIECES? HE'S TRYING TO CARVE OUT HIS OWN LITTLE CRIMINAL UNDERWORLD, AND TO DO THAT, YOU NEED GUYS--GUYS LIKE INKY.

OR HE'S CLEANING HOUSE. GETTING RID OF WHOEVER'S STILL LOYAL TO LIPS AND SENDING A MESSAGE TO THE REST AT THE SAME TIME. GET IN LINE, OR ELSE.

LOYAL? PAT, GUYS LIKE INKY COULDN'T SPELL "*LOYAL*" WITH A DICTIONARY IN THEIR HANDS.

DICK, GUYS LIKE INKY COULDN'T SPELL "*THE*" WITH A DICTIONARY IN THEIR HANDS.

FANGS IS SMART. THESE GUYS HAVE VALUE-- HE WOULDN'T JUST THROW THAT AWAY. NOT TO MENTION--

HOW WAS INKY KILLED? HOW, *EXACTLY?*

WELL... LET'S JUST SAY HE DIDN'T DIE OF NATURAL CAUSES. I THINK IT'S BEST WE LEAVE IT AT THAT.

DOC, I NEED TO KNOW.

LISTEN, DETECTIVE. I'VE BEEN THE M.E. HERE FOR OVER TWENTY YEARS. THAT'S A *LOT* OF MURDER. A LOT OF VIOLENCE. I THOUGHT I'D SEEN IT ALL, BUT...

...I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER SEEN ANYTHING QUITE LIKE THIS. INKY'S BODY...

"...IT'S JUST LIKE THE OTHERS. GRUESOME. COMPLETELY MUTILATED.

"THE STAB WOUNDS, THEY'RE...

"...THEY'RE ***ERRATIC.*** WHOEVER'S KILLING THESE PEOPLE, THEY DON'T FLINCH. ANYONE ELSE, EVEN CALCULATING KILLERS, THEY SEE THE BLOOD AND THE GORE, AND THEY BACK AWAY.

"BUT NOT OUR GUY.

"HE JUST KEEPS GOING. HE GETS CLOSE, AND HE KEEPS GOING.

"I'M SURE HE HAS HIS REASONS FOR WHY HE DOES WHAT HE DOES. BUT IF I WERE TO BET, I'D SAY THERE'S ONE MOTIVATION THAT DRIVES HIM MORE THAN ANYTHING ELSE...

"...HE LIKES IT."

HEY, TRACY?

TRACY, YOU THERE?

YEAH...YEAH, I'M HERE.

HEY, LISTEN...

...AT THE END OF THE DAY, IF SOMEONE IS KNOCKING OFF A BUNCH OF CREEPS, ALL I'M SAYING IS...I'M NOT GOING TO LOSE MUCH SLEEP OVER IT. IF ANY.

PART OF ME AGREES WITH YOU, PAT. BUT...THESE AREN'T JUST GANGLAND KILLINGS. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE AT WORK HERE. WHOEVER'S DOING THIS...THEY'RE *SICK.*

AND THEY HAVE TO BE *STOPPED.*

YEAH... YEAH, HE'S RIGHT HERE.

HERE, DETECTIVE-- DISPATCH HAS GOT A CALL COMING IN FOR YOU. THEY SAY IT'S URGENT...

...IT'S THAT TRUEHEART GAL. THE REPORTER.

TESS? WHAT'S HAPPENING? ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

I'M FINE, DICK. I'M FINE. BUT...

...I GOT A TIP, AND I FOLLOWED IT TO THE LOWER SOUTH SIDE, AND...

...I'M NERVOUS, DICK.

IT'S ABOUT THE BLANK.

STAY EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE. YOU HEAR ME? DO. NOT. MOVE.

WHAT IS IT? IS TESS OKAY?

SHE'S IN OVER HER HEAD--AGAIN. SHE'S FINE RIGHT NOW, BUT...

"...WE DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE."

IT'S OKAY... EVERYTHING'S FINE. YOU JUST GOT SPOOKED. GRISLY MURDERS, BAD PART OF TOWN, IT'S NIGHT...YOU'RE FINE. YOU. ARE. FI--

:GASP:

WHAT AM I DOING, WHAT AM I--

TINK

TINK TINK TINK

KRKK

AAAAAHHH!

YOU ARE ONLY ALIVE--

NO, PLEASE!

...BECAUSE I ALLOW YOU TO BE ALIVE.

"DON'T EVER FORGET THAT."

H-HELP. HELP.

SOMEBODY...

...HELP!

HE'S HERE! HE'S--

NO! NO, DON'T--

TESS! TESS!

IT'S ME! LOOK--LOOK AT ME!

IT'S DICK TRACY.

TRACY?

OH MY GOD...

...HE WAS *HERE.* THE BLANK KILLER, HE...HE HAD ME PINNED AGAINST THE WALL. HE--

AAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHH!

TRACY, YOU HEAR THAT?

THIS WAY!

I...I...I TRIED. I TRIED TO STOP HIM. I GOT AN ANONYMOUS TIP. SOMEONE SAID THE BLANK KILLER WAS SPOTTED AROUND HERE, AND I *TRIED*...

...BUT MY FACE. MY FACE, PAT--

LOOK WHAT HE DID TO MY FACE!

PAT! OVER HERE!

MY GOD...

TRACY-- IT'S LIZZ, SHE--

JESUS. IS THAT...

...THAT'S STOOGE, RIGHT? STOOGE VILLER?

WHAT'S LEFT OF HIM.

PARTNER, I'VE CHANGED MY MIND. WHATEVER IT TAKES, WHATEVER WE HAVE TO DO...

...WE'RE BRINGING THIS LUNATIC DOWN.

To Be Continued...

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MAD CAVE

DICK TRACY

#7

AVAILABLE JANUARY 2025

LONG COLD WINTER #1

GIVE PEACE A CHANCE

FRANCESCA PERILLO

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BUDDY BEAUDOIN

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New York City

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...the air on Earth has become unbreathable. Only a few can afford the monthly fee to purchase and maintain the expensive microchips that can be implanted beneath the skin and provide the wearer with oxygen.

These devices are produced by the multinational AirCo. and are connected to enormous air generators positioned in several key places on the planet.

AMORIO SUSHI

FOOD
BEER
FOOD

meow

HEY, BUDDY, LOOK WHO'S SITTING AT OUR TABLE!

HOLY SHIT! IS THAT PEACE DOG?!

THEN I GUESS IT'S SHOWTIME.

BE QUIET! I DON'T WANT ANY TROUBLE HERE.

HM!

SKLUT

HA HA HA!

HELLO, IDIOT.

ARE YOU TALKING TO ME?

YES, I AM, IDIOT.

YOU BETTER BACK OFF, MAN!

READ THE FULL STORY IN
LONG COLD WINTER #1
DECEMBER 2024

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AND STAY TUNED TO MAD CAVE SOCIAL MEDIA FOR DETAILS ON

ENDLESS NIGHT

THE MUST-READ UNDERWORLD CROSSOVER
EVENT OF SPRING/ SUMMER 2025!

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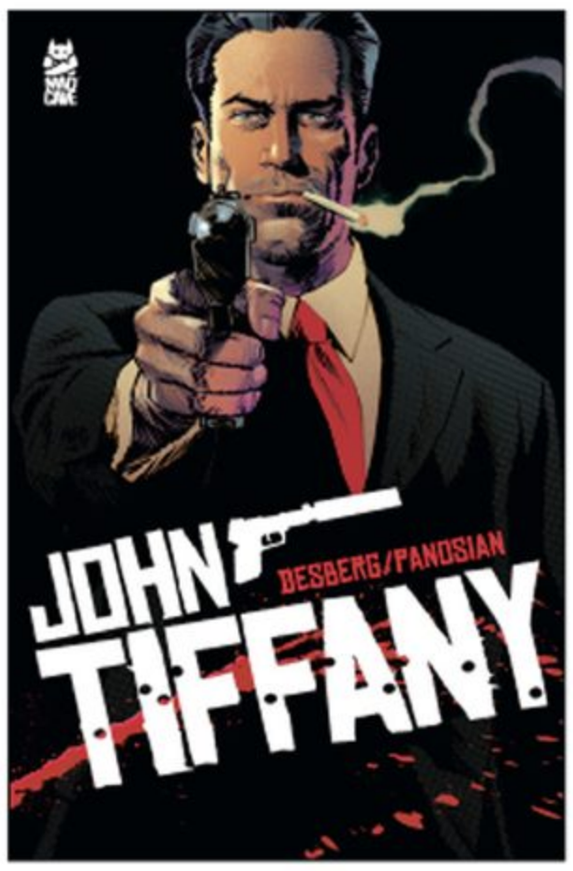

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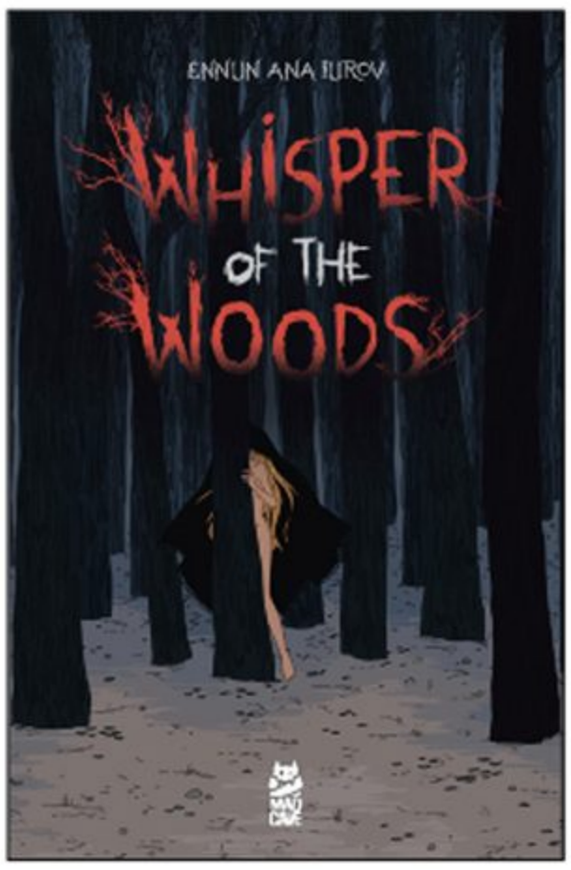

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